

## FROM BUENA VISTA, VA.

DEAR EDITOR: We rejoice to see the clean, clear pages of the EVANGELIST coming again on its good mission, and we pray God's blessing upon every one of its columns. It is readable all through, and profitable to the reader. It is a credit to our fraternity and will more and more become a powerful and efficient agency in the furtherance of every denominational interest. Would that pastors and lovers of the church everywhere could be stirred up, and we trust that they will be, to double the subscription to the EVANGELIST. It ought to be done. Our "little flock" is making rapid strides toward better things and wider borders. What we yet lack in members we ought to make up in individual efficiency, so that it may be said of us that although we are not many, yet we are much. If we are much in zeal, in courage, in perseverance, in Christ likeness, in thoroughness, in abundant labors, it will not be long until we shall be many also. I rejoice in the tidings of prosperity which the EVANGELIST chronicles in many sections of the Brotherhood. Let the chariot of the Lord roll on. A year's experience in secular journalism has not weaned my love of the Gospel ministry, and I will return to it permanently through the first open door of opportunity. There is nothing in this world to be compared with it, and nothing I love so well. A calling which could lend honor to the genius of Paul, or Spurgeon, or Stanley, or Liddon, or Cuyler, or Brooke, ought indeed to be magnified by every one upon whom the glorious mantle of prophecy has fallen. I am glad to hear of the prosperity of Ashland College. The cause of denominational education ought to be dear to every Progressive heart. Without it we can scarcely hope to be either many or much. With it we will soon witness a solidity and permanency in our church-life which will be gratifying to every lover of the Brotherhood. Immense obstacles have in the past been removed by prayer, patience, and perseverance, and these mighty agencies are sure to bring us final victory.

B. C. MOOMAW.

"TRADITION is but a meteor which, if it once falls, can never be rekindled."

## HE SOUGHT IN VAIN.

About twenty years ago a vicious unruly lad was the terror of the community in a quiet town in Alabama. Neither parents nor teachers were able to control him. One day his father, a feeble old man, asked him to drive a stake in the garden to hold up a grape-vine.

He refused, and when his father insisted, the son struck him, uttering a fierce oath, and that night he left the village. A few months later in a neighboring state, he was arrested for burglary, convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for sixteen years.

As the end of his term approached he wrote again and again to his father, telling his story and begging for forgiveness, promising in agony of soul when he was a free man, to live a different life. He received no answer and when released did not seek his home, but became a wanderer.

One day he appeared in his native village, a middle-aged man with gray hair and eyes long used to look upon trouble. Few of the people knew him. The home of his childhood was owned by strangers. His father had long been dead.

He made his way through the drizzling rain to his grave. Only God knows the story of the man after that. Beneath the grass the father lay, deaf to his cries. He would never speak to say that he forgave him.

The next day the villagers found, driven into the ground at the head of the grave a heavy stake as for a tombstone, and written on it, "I will obey you, father." The man was gone and never returned.

Once a year in Jerusalem, in the old days, we are told that the high priest lifted the curtain before the sanctuary and went in, bearing the prayers of the people for divine forgiveness.

There is no curtain now between us and God; He always hears us; but the veil which hangs between us and our dead is lifted. They do not say they forgive us, cry we ever so loudly.

He is wise who gives to the loved ones at his side nothing but love and tenderness to carry in memory into the unending life that lies behind the dark curtain.—*Youth's Companion*.

## TWO KINDS OF WEALTH.

An American visiting Rydal Mount inquired of his guide whether any traditions respecting Wordsworth were preserved in the neighborhood.

"Aye, I've heard my grandfather speak of him," the man said, contemptuously. "He was not one of the gentry. He owned no estate. He was a shabby old man, and lived in a cheap cottage, and went strolling and peeking about fields that didn't belong to him."

Yet this shabby stranger, who did not own an acre, lifted all the mountains and streams and fields of the Lake district into immortality.

On a slope of waste land among the picturesque mountains of Munster, the American found, a few weeks later, the ruined castle of Kilcolman, in which Spencer wrote the "Faery Queen." It must always have been a wretchedly cramped little abode; a tower of gray stone enclosing four rooms, one on top of the other. In the lowest one a cow was grazing, and so small was the room that her horns and tail nearly touched the opposite walls. The "estate" of the poet, given him by Raleigh, was in fact a barren, malarious moor and a sedgy brook. But out of them he made a marvellous fairy-land; which he bequeathed to the English people for all time.

The Southern poet, Paul Hayne, whom all readers of The Companion must remember as their friend, lived in the midst of pine forests. "Smith," he said once, laughing, "pays taxes for them, but I own them."

Smith probably found nothing in them but lumber; to the poet belonged the sunsets and sunrises, the calls of the birds, the music of the pines, with their countless voices and messages.

Money is not the only capital.

The so called rich man, who lives only to accumulate wealth, receives no other interest from his possessions than so many dollars with which he may or may not buy physical comfort and needless luxuries.

But his neighbor, whose coat, perhaps, is thin, and whose pocket is almost empty, may possess an invisible capital invested in unselfish friendships, that bring him joyous greetings, and